

The Critic and Good Literature

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Thackeray in London.*

THACKERAY'S method was to merely sketch a background and to let his figures fill the picture; and even in the fashionable West End, where he was at home, we do not find it possible to trace him, as Dickens can be traced in the East End. Pall Mall and its adjacent streets are closely associated with him, however. Pall Mall is the street of gentlemen, as Fleet Street was the street of the ragged literary mendicants, whose wretched lot has been drawn in vivid colors by Macaulay. The people one meets in it are daintily booted, gloved and hatted; a lady is not often seen among them. It is, as Thackeray himself said, 'the social exchange of London'; it is the main artery of Clubland, where civilized man has set up for himself all the adjuncts of luxurious celibacy, and congregates to discuss, undisturbed by the impertinence of feminine lack-logic, the news, the politics, and the scandal of the hour. It is old and historic, haunted by the shadows of many odd and famous persons, who reshape themselves unbidden in the memory of those who know its annals. The reminiscences bring out a motley tenancy from the houses—Culloden Cumberland and Gainsborough side by side, pretty Eleanor Gwynn and Queen Caroline, Sarah Marlborough and genial Walter Scott, George Selwyn and Dick Steele, Sheridan and William Pitt, Walpole and Joseph Addison, Fox and the Prince Regent! The greensward at the south end of the Athenæum Club was a part of the site of Carlton House, the residence of the royal scapegrace; and we see Thackeray, a frilled and petticoated urchin in his nurse's care, peeping through the colonnade at the guards as they pace before the palace and salute the royal chariots coming in and out. Before he reached manhood the palace had disappeared, and many of the old buildings in Pall Mall had been pulled down to make room for the magnificent club-houses which now give the street its distinctive character. Not one of the new faces that appeared with the alterations was more familiar to the men of his time than his, and among all of them—princes, dandies, politicians and scholars, who filed through the street, and nodded to one another from their club windows,—there is not one at whom readers of this generation look with greater fondness than at Thackeray.

Those who appreciate his books—a constantly increasing number—find it difficult to understand how the author can be so misinterpreted as to be accused of any narrowness of view or harshness of judgment. To them, every line is the testimony of a fatherly tenderness, which grieves at the necessity of its own rebuke; and though he is incapable of an apathetic acquiescence in human weakness, and does not view mankind with the lazy good-nature of a neutral temper, the pervading spirit of his criticism springs from a deep-welled charitableness. One of the few stories told of him which would dispute his invariable kindness is of two friends who were walking in the West End, when they saw

Thackeray approaching them from the opposite direction. One of them had met him before, and the other had not. The former made a demonstrative salutation, which the author barely acknowledged as he loftily passed along. 'You wouldn't believe that he sat up with us drinking punch and singing "Martin Luther" until three o'clock this morning,' said the person who felt aggrieved at his chilly reception, to his friend. Now, supposing that the story is authentic—that two friends did meet him under those circumstances, and that one of them had been a sharer in his conviviality at unseemly hours,—a further claim on his recognition was not necessarily justified, and he did not violate any rule of good-breeding in thus indicating that he preferred to discontinue the acquaintance. But there are some who feel encouraged by the smallest condescension of a great man, to consider themselves intimate with him, and who, once having seen him come down from his pedestal to smoke a cutty-pipe in a miscellaneous company, ever afterward look upon him as a comrade. Thackeray was elected a member of the famous Athenæum Club under Rule II., which is worth quoting as it is designed to preserve the character of the Club: 'It being essential to the maintenance of the Athenæum, in conformity with the principles upon which it was originally founded, that the annual introduction of a certain number of persons of distinguished eminence in Science, Literature or the Arts, or for Public Services, should be secured, a limited number of persons of such qualifications shall be elected by the Committee. The number so elected shall not exceed nine each year. . . . The Club intrust this privilege to the Committee, in the entire confidence that they will only elect persons who have attained to distinguished eminence in Science, Literature or the Arts, or for Public Services.'

He was a *bon vivant*: fond of a nice little dinner; a connoisseur of wines, a devotee of a good cigar, a willing receiver of many little pleasures which an ascetic judgment would pronounce wasteful and slothful. He was inclined to be indolent and luxurious. Had he not lost his fortune and been urged by necessity to write, it is to be feared that his splendid gifts would never have been exercised, and that his genius would have borne no more fruit than an unworked store of unformulated and unanalyzed mental impressions known only to himself. But his liking for choice little dinners was not wholly accountable to his relish of the food or to the satisfaction of thus gratifying the senses. No reproach of excess or grossness of any kind attaches to his character. Though perhaps he was self-indulgent, he was not a voluptuary. His pleasure was as innocent as that of Colonel Newcome when he visited the smoky depths of Bohemia with young Clive, and the dinner was but the means of sociability and hospitality, the preparation for a more intellectual treat, a key to the fetters which keep some hearts and minds, in this oddly constituted and misgiving world, from the openness and confidence of brotherhood. It was not a cold or formal honor that was conferred upon those who sat with him. When they were taken into his confidence no friend could be more jovial or unrestrained than he was. The simplicity of the man was one of his greatest charms. He could not endure affectations and mannerisms. He talked without effort, without hesitation, and without any of the elaborateness which comes of egotistical cogitation, and the desire to present one's-self in the most favorable light. He was one of the most 'natural' of men, if the word is taken as meaning the absence of disguise; and at those little dinners, and in the smoke-room, he usually had his slippers on, figuratively speaking, and his feet were stretched out on the hearth-rug.

The modern smoke-room of the Club is under the garden, upon which the dining-room of Carlton House once stood, but in Thackeray's time a very small apartment near the top of the building served for those addicted to the dreamy weed, and he was among them. He was not a great smoker, though he usually had a cigar at hand; he coquetted with

* Continued from last week and concluded.

it, puffed at it a while and watched the blue wreathes vanishing toward the ceiling, and then put it down or let it go out. He did not apply himself to it with the constancy and caressing intentness of complete enjoyment, but was fitful, as if the pleasure he derived was dubious. Much of the pleasure of his life was dubious. We have here seen but one side of his character; the geniality which was unextinguished by an inherent sadness of temperament; the comfortableness of his hours of relaxation. But he was not a happy man even when he had achieved success and his powers had been fully recognized. Self-confidence is an ingredient of genius which was lacking in him. He was always in doubt about his work; he trusted his judgment when he discovered defects in it, but never felt sure of its merits. More distressing than all else was his procrastination; the heart-breaking and peace-destroying spectre of postponed work was too often before him, and he was often crippled by his hesitation and despair.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

Thackeray and N. P. Willis.

FEW of us know what a debt of gratitude we owe to Mr. N. P. Willis, whose memory it is the fashion now to slight. Yet it was he who first introduced Thackeray to the American public, in 1839. In that year Willis started a weekly paper here—*The Corsair*—to which he contributed bright and sparkling notes from London. After a career of only a year, *The Corsair* was transformed into *The Mirror*, a paper much better remembered by the present generation. While in London Willis became acquainted with Thackeray, who was then suffering from impecuniosity—a malady quite common among young authors. We find in a bound volume of *The Corsair* (and an exceedingly rare volume it is, by the way,) Willis's announcement to the readers of that paper that he has secured the gentle satirist as a regular correspondent. We quote from his introduction:

One of my first enquiries in London was touching the authorship of "The Yellowplush Papers," and the "Reminiscences of Major Gahagan"—the only things in periodical literature, except the Pickwick Papers, for which I looked with any interest or eagerness. The author, Mr. Thackeray, breakfasted with me yesterday, and *The Corsair* will be delighted, I am sure, to hear that I have engaged this cleverest and most gifted of the magazine-writers of London to become a regular correspondent of *The Corsair*. He left London for Paris the day after, and having resided in that city for many years, his letters thence will be pictures of life in France, done with a bolder and more trenchant pen than has yet attempted the subject. He will present a long letter every week, and you will agree with me that he is no common acquisition. Thackeray is a tall, athletic man, of about thirty-five, with a look of talent that could never be mistaken. He has taken to literature after having spent a very large inheritance; but in throwing away the gifts of fortune, he had cultivated his natural talents very highly, and is one of the most accomplished draughtsmen in England, as well as the cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers. He has been the principal critic for *The Times*, and writes for *Fraser* and *Blackwood*. You will hear from him by the first steamer after his arrival in Paris, and thenceforward regularly.

Thackeray's first letter from Paris is dated Hotel Mirabeau, July 25, 1839, and signed T. T. In concluding it he writes:

There would have been a good opportunity, too, for a little egotistical speech, and an address of thanks and compliments on this first appearance before an American public. But, tempting as the occasion is, it had better be passed over, for in sooth, O, Editor of *The Corsair*! I believe that your public is too wise to care much for us poor devils, and our personal vanities and foolishness—only too good is it to receive, with some show of kindness, the works which we from time to time, and urged by the lack of coin and pressure of butchers'-bills, are constrained to send abroad. What feelings we may have in finding good friends and listeners among strangers far, far away,—in receiving from beyond seas kind crumbs of comfort for our hungry vanities, which at home, God wot, get little of this delightful

food,—in gaining fresh courage and hope for pursuing a calling of which the future is dreary, and the present but hard!

The late John Camden Hotten, an English publisher, discovering these letters in *The Corsair* some time after Thackeray's death, republished them in a volume which he called 'The Student's Quarter; or, Paris Five-and-Thirty Years Since.' He explained that these papers by Mr. Thackeray were 'not included in his collected writings.' In his preface he took back what he had thus said on his title-page by admitting that of the papers a 'small portion were included in the Paris Sketch-Book.' Fearful lest some other publisher should learn where he had found the other letters, he covered up all traces by saying that they were 'addressed to a friend, the editor of a foreign journal,' leaving out all reference to America, and even changing the name of the paper. For example the lines above quoted were made to read, 'For in sooth, O Editor of *The Bungalow*!' and 'on this first occasion, before a new audience.' Smith, Elder & Co. should include these letters in their complete edition of Thackeray's writings, reprinting them directly from the pages of *The Corsair*, where they appear as Thackeray wrote them. And Professor Beers, who is writing a Life of Willis for the American Men-of-Letters Series, should not fail to consult this volume of *The Corsair*, filled as it is with interesting Williseana.

Reviews

The St. Clair Papers.*

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR, though by birth a Scotchman, and by marriage a New Englander, was by choice, and in most of his long life after early manhood, a Western man. Pennsylvania, to which State he migrated, may claim him not without reason, and two of her townsmen did in fact contend with each other for the honor of burying him when he was dead, though, like Homer in the Seven Grecian cities, he had been almost compelled to beg his bread in both when living. But that region known in his day as the Northwest Territory, now the five great States of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana, has a still deeper interest in his name and fame than any other part of the country; for from the time of the beginning of civil government in that territory, till Ohio was admitted into the Union, St. Clair was its Governor. The second of these two volumes is almost exclusively devoted to the correspondence and the official papers relating to that period; and to Western people these must needs have an interest and an apparent importance not readily comprehended by readers this side of the Alleghanies, unless they are plodding historical students. Not all, however, either of the letters or official documents, are here for the first time published, though they properly enough find a place in a work the aim of which is to give a complete biography of the Governor, as well as a history of the Northwest Territory during his administration of its affairs.

Nearly one half of the first volume is given up to a memoir, which, though covering his whole life, is confined mainly to his public career. What manner of man he was in his private relations we are left almost to conjecture. A pleasant glimpse is given us of a sort of Di Vernon daughter, who could ride anything and shoot anything from a partridge to (possibly) an Indian; but it is only a glimpse, and almost the only one, of his domestic life. He was rich in his youth and in pitiful poverty in his old age. That his military accounts, belonging to the Revolutionary War, were never settled is shown in a general way, but that by no means accounts for the dissipation of a large fortune. And this is the more inexplicable, for St. Clair was for nearly thirty years in the public service, and must have been in receipt for most of that time of an income from that

*The St. Clair Papers. Arranged and annotated by William Henry Smith. 2 vols. \$6. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

source without drawback. The reader's sympathies are greatly moved when told of a man, once a Major-General in the armies of the United States, for a session or two President of Congress when that was the highest office of the Government, for many years the Governor of a vast Territory then rapidly increasing in population and importance, but who, in almost extreme old age, was reduced to the necessity of turning his poor log-hut, the only possession left him, into the humblest kind of wayside inn on a lonely road in the back settlements of Pennsylvania. Here was a modern Timon, at least in one sense, who filled the feed-bags of the teams of the passing wagoners, and served the wagoners themselves with bread and bacon. One would be glad to know something more of the private character and personal affairs of a man in whose career there were such remarkable vicissitudes. The sub-title of the work promises a 'life,' as well as the 'public services,' the 'correspondence, and other papers.' But we look in vain through a volume and a half of the letters to catch a glimpse of the man as he was without the General's epaulettes or the Governor's cockade. Even in the two or three letters written to his wife he seems to be mindful of official dignity, as he respectfully addresses her as 'Dear Madam.' Then in the memoir of half a volume we are always in the presence of a Major General or the Chief Magistrate of a Territory; but the Arthur St. Clair, who may be supposed to be inside of these official distinctions as a private person, is almost invisible. There is some satisfaction in detecting him sometimes in a horizontal position, in a fit of the gout; for there is that bit of evidence that he had something in common with ordinary mortals, even before he was reduced in his old age to keeping tavern.

The proper function of the historian is that of the judge on the bench when he sums up for the guidance of the jury in their verdict, not that of counsel pleading on one side or the other. But the author of this memoir assumes the attitude of counsel for the defendant. We are not aware that there is any necessity for his doing so. Nobody has ever thought it worth while to make out an indictment against General St. Clair. On the contrary, he has generally been treated with a good deal of forbearance, the general feeling seeming to be that his shortcomings as a soldier were to be overlooked in a man whose bravery and honor were not to be questioned. But no historian could conceal, or be justified in concealing, the fact that General St. Clair, by his negligence, permitted the British to so get him at disadvantage at Ticonderoga that he was compelled to abandon that post with precipitation, when it was thought that the salvation of the country almost depended upon the place being held against Burgoyne's advance. True, no harm, at least no such harm as was apprehended, came of it in the end; but that no more justifies St. Clair's negligence than a sentinel who falls asleep on his post is justified because the enemy does not take advantage of it to put the whole camp to the sword. So, too, of that almost total destruction of his army by the Indians in the campaign of '91 at the West. The Commander-in-Chief is not relieved from the responsibility of that terrible disaster because his advance was delayed by the rascality of contractors, or because on the eve of the attack some information failed to reach him. A good soldier would not have put himself in a position where such things would be his destruction. No ingenuity of argument can in this case do away with the weight of Washington's decision, that it was time St. Clair ceased to be a Major-General. It is, we think, unfortunate for the memory of any man that a biographer is provided for him who feels that he must make a hero of him and defend him through thick and thin. General St. Clair was not a hero; considering his opportunities he made much less out of his life than he ought to have done; and it is to be feared that many persons will believe it was more of a failure than it really was when it is insisted that his faults shall be accepted as virtues. He was, indeed, a man of most respectable abilities,

who, for the most part, discharged the duties of the high stations to which he was called creditably to himself and to the benefit of his country. But he can hardly be said to stand in the front rank of the distinguished men of the constructive period of the Republic, and an attempt to put him there, particularly by ignoring his shortcomings, must needs be a failure.

Prof. Guyot's "Creation."*

As the preface informs us, this little book is substantially a republication of certain lectures delivered before the students of Union Theological Seminary, in 1866; which lectures themselves were a reiteration and expansion of views first formulated and expressed as long ago as 1840, when the author was connected with the University of Neuchâtel. The writer assumes the scientific as well as the religious authority of Scripture, and endeavors to show—with what success readers, scientific and others, must judge for themselves—that the Mosaic record, when fairly interpreted, is not only substantially, but minutely, in harmony with everything that science has ascertained relating to the origin of the universe and of the earth. Even those who may not agree with the views advanced will find the book well worth the little time it takes to read it, as presenting the conclusions of one who combined in himself the original investigator and the cultured scholar; who considered his subject from the scientific as well as the religious standpoint, and has treated it clearly, candidly and reverently. It is probably not unjust to say that if the author had been born fifty years later he would have written somewhat differently: there may perhaps be traces in the book of early prejudice, and of the inhospitality to new ideas which generally comes with advancing age. It sounds rather strangely, for instance, to one accustomed to the present tone of geological speculation, to read (p. 131) 'Since the beginning of this day (the seventh and present period) no new creation has taken place. God rests, as the Creator of the Visible Universe. The forces of nature are in that admirable equilibrium which we now behold, and which is necessary to our existence. No more mountains or continents are formed, no new species of plants or animals are created. Nature goes on steadily in its wonted path. All movement, all progress has passed into the realm of mankind which is now accomplishing its task.' But the whole spirit and temper of the book is admirable, and perfectly free from all unfairness and bitterness toward those who look at the matter differently. It is hardly necessary to add that the mechanical execution of the book is tasteful and elegant.

"Pioneers of the Western Reserve."†

In the north-eastern corner of the State of Ohio lies a large tract of land, embracing nearly a dozen counties, originally populated from Connecticut. Hither came the sturdy levelers of that State, with church already organized; each Sunday, while they were on the way, lifting up their voices to Heaven, with hymn and prayer. As New Connecticut it was first known, and it still exhibits marked traces of its descent. Its dairies are the best in the West; its farms are well tilled, its schools abound, and modest churches everywhere lift heavenward their wooden spires. Here Garfield was born, and here before the War was the strongest anti-slavery feeling in the West, fitly represented by Ben Wade. This is the country whose early narratives are woven together by Mr. Rice, in a neat and workmanlike form, and his judgment is shown in the choice of the subject. In 1679 La Salle first set sail on the waters of Lake Erie, but the first landing of Englishmen was in 1764, when General Bradstreet, with his troops, was wrecked near Cleveland. He was on his return from Detroit, and was

* Creation; or, The Biblical Cosmogony in the Light of Modern Science. By Arnold Guyot, LL.D. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† Pioneers of the Western Reserve. By Harvey Rice. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

obliged after this mishap to pick his way slowly and painfully through the forest to Niagara, the nearest fortified post. About the time of the Revolutionary War, or soon after, deer, catamounts, and beaver were pursued in this vicinity by Brady and other mighty hunters, and here Zeisberger, the patient Moravian missionary, taught the Indians the pure lessons of morality and religion. When peace with Great Britain came, Connecticut claimed these lands, as being a portion of the territory granted her by her charter, and finally obtained a concession of more than three millions of acres, of which part was given to those who had suffered from the incursions of the English during hostilities, and part sold to a company of her own citizens for \$1,200,000. By this association parties were soon despatched to the West, the first one landing at Ashtabula on the 4th of July, 1796, in excellent health. The whole expedition consisted of fifty-one persons. Their nearest neighbors were at Monetta, a Massachusetts colony nearly two hundred miles south, which had been founded eight years before. The Indians had been soundly defeated a couple of years previous, and no trouble was henceforth suffered from them, excepting in isolated cases. Eighteen days after Ashtabula was reached, Moses Cleaveland saw the capabilities of the spot which is now named after him, and laid out a town. The present spelling of the place was adopted by an editor, who found the head of his paper too narrow to admit the missing letter. In 1797 a store was opened, a child was born, a death occurred, and a marriage was celebrated. The Reserve was made a county in 1800 by Governor St. Clair, and was named Trumbull, after the brave old Governor of that name, who was the only one out of the thirteen that remained on our side when we separated from the mother country. Four years later Cleveland was made a post-office town, and in 1805 a port of entry. Within the past twenty years it has grown in population more rapidly than almost any other city in the Union. The last census recorded 200,000 souls. The rural counties of Ohio are filled with a hardy and God-fearing race, and now act as a nursery for the still farther West. Mr. Rice gives some very good accounts of early courts and lawyers, and of Indians and hunters.

"Bethesda."*

WHEN on the opening page of 'Bethesda' the heroine stands by a carriage-window on the Cornice road, looking off over the water toward the far horizon, trying in vain to pierce the pearly veil of the future, with a vague feeling weighing upon her, we prepare ourselves for a great deal of wanness, and weariness, and bronze-gold hair, eyes that blaze superbly and hearts that burn with misery,—for artists capable of 'ensouling a sonata,' and for people who call each other 'childie' and 'girlie.' We are not prepared, however, for the dead monotone and undertone of this sort of thing for three hundred pages, unrelieved by a solitary spark of humor, the passion never burning into flame, the suffering never deepening to tragedy, the virtuousness never rising into virtue; a dead level of cloying sweetness and daintiness and softness and melancholy, till nothing but the curiosity to see how long this really can be kept up sustains the reader's interest. When we state that the lover of the story never once performs any act or utters any remark or judges of the right or wrong of anything, except in relation to his passion for the heroine, it will be seen how interesting *he* is. When the 'perfect purity' of the heroine begins to be dwelt upon with more and more persistency, we foresee trouble, and fifty pages or more of immorality, thinly veiled with an appearance of virtue nobly standing a severe test while in reality finding a solemn satisfaction in subjecting itself to the test, fill the middle of the book. Poor as it is, however, the book is not of the poorest. The author is evidently, from her quotations, an intelligent reader, whatever

she may be as a writer; but she is overfond of literary misery, a disciple of the worst methods of Mrs. Whitney and Miss Phelps, with absolutely nothing of the keenness of insight and the delicious humor which redeem the occasional and similar foolishness of both the older authors. The story was not at all worth writing, but one thing redeems it from positive unworthiness: when the heroine leaves her lover in Europe and comes back to America, she finds herself in a family where literary, political, and theological discussions waken her long dormant intellect, dulled by unworthy passion; she finds herself enjoying the intelligent atmosphere, and conscious with a pang that her Réne, if he had been with her, would not have enjoyed it. Had this point been strongly dwelt upon in a story of thirty pages, it would have been an admirable one to treat; as it is, it is only an incident, quickly passed over, to give place to more misery and absurdity.

Minor Notices.

MR. EMELYN W. WASHBURN'S book, labelled 'The Early Spanish Masters' on the back, and 'The Spanish Masters: an Outline of the History of Painting in Spain' on the inside, however it may puzzle bibliographers, or people who delight in cross-references, when it comes to be inscribed by the recording angel, is a good *catalogue raisonné* brightened by anecdotes rather than a history of Spanish painting. It has important deficiencies whichever one of its contradictory titles we undertake to examine; for, on the one hand, its current criticism extends down nearly to our own time, and includes Goya, who, far from being an *early* painter, was a contemporary of Washington; while, on the other hand, 'The Spanish Masters' must certainly include, if it is at all exhaustive, the brilliant modern school of Fortuny, Zamacois, and the Madrid *maestri*, not a word about whom occurs, though many of their productions are to be found in this country to-day. One is at a loss, therefore, as to the exact intention of the book, which, meritorious in itself, confronts us with a puzzle at its threshold. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Head, and Ford furnish numerous illustrative quotations, judgments, and anecdotes to the body of the text, while nine striking reproductions of photographs, including 'The Immaculate Conception' and the exquisite 'Niños de la Concha,' by Murillo, illustrate it for us pictorially. Anyone with this book in hand can follow in concentrated form the lives and doings of the Spanish masters from 1400 to 1740, and can supplement the meagre accounts of the guide-books by terse and yet intelligent notices of the celebrated paintings mentioned in these useful compilations. Separate chapters are given to Murillo and Velasquez, those Dioscuri of Spanish painting; the Escorial artists are treated with discrimination; and the schools of Valencia, Seville, and Madrid are traced so far as they can be consistently with the compendious plan of the author. The book, barring its Janus-faced title, may be commended.

NOS. I. and II. ('Methods of Historical Study': Second Series) of the Johns Hopkins Historical Series, edited by Dr. H. B. Adams, present a most intelligent and stimulating *aperçu* of the best methods of studying history now in vogue. The admirable workings of these methods, here described as the topical, comparative, co-operative, and seminary (or laboratory) methods are traced out in detail, copious explanatory remarks accompany the description of each method, and the dissemination and application of each in American institutions are carefully discussed. As an illustration of the first, a chosen land, a chosen people, and the sources of that people's history, are taken (to the exclusion of encyclopædic research) and studied exhaustively. By the second the differences between an Athenian *ekklesia* and the Roman *comitia*, if any, are traced. Schönberg's great work on political economy, to which numerous specialists have contributed, is an example of the co-operative method, carried out in the university by the professor surrounded by his students, each engaged on distinct but ultimately harmonizing researches. The seminary method, which is the method of original research in the library or from observation, is the outgrowth of German science and learning, and is probably the most valuable of all. Prof. Adams's treatise is a lucid and agreeable one, and recounts at length what this new University is doing for history and historians all over the country.

WILLIAM WOOD & Co. have condensed and republished an American edition of Parke's 'Manual of Practical Hygiene,' which has been for many years a standard book of reference for

* Bethesda. By Barbara Elton. \$1. New York: Macmillan & Co.

sanitary engineers, army and navy officers, and boards of health. It is the only extensive treatise in the English language, except the cyclopædia edited by Dr. Buck of this city. To enumerate the contents of this large book would be almost impossible. Suffice it to say that all that is new abroad, as well as that which has stood the test of experience, pertaining to ventilation, sewerage, food-supply, the composition and analysis of drinking water, etc., is to be found between its covers. Not the least important part of the book are the hints and suggestions thrown out for the benefit of those who have occasion to examine the various articles of diet in which adulteration is suspected. Microscopic drawings and sketches abound, and the tea-drinkers may gaze with pleasure upon drawings of the five different leaves which are made to do duty by unscrupulous manufacturers. We find no mention of an agent so extensively used in this country as glucose; and many kinds of dangerous adulterations and falsifications are not so much as hinted at. For these reasons and others, the book is one that does not possess the local interest it might, and we wonder that more has not been made of the American Appendix, which is meagre in the extreme. Dr. Elwyn Waller's contribution upon water is the best of the short articles in it, while those of Mr. Philbrick and Dr. Tracy show a practical familiarity with the subject of drainage and disinfection. The other papers are simply a *réchauffé* of what is to be found in any hygienic handbook.

THE latest comer into the lengthening ranks of song- and sonnet-makers is a young lady who enjoys the unusual advantage of having been beckoned thither by the protecting hand of Longfellow. Miss Héloïse Durant, the author of 'Pine-Needles' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), in submitting her collection of melodious verses to the benign poet a short time before his death, had the honor to receive from him the recommendation to put them before the public in durable form. The result is an æsthetic volume, in covers of folded leatherette, with a tasteful design of pine-boughs, inclosing about 160 pages of detached verse. All of these poems can lay claim to facility in rhythmic expression, and most of them to the imprint of a fresh and pleasing personality. But it is the mission of a kindly critic to suggest that before a second venture into print, the poet should deal more freely in the arts, both of excision and revision, which, exercised in the present volume, would have done it essential service.

The Magazines for May.

THE most interesting article of the month is Archibald Forbes's 'How I became a War Correspondent,' in *The English Illustrated*. It would have been inimitably good had it been fiction, and when we add to this the childish delight in its being 'true,' our enjoyment of it is complete. It is hard to tell which is more fascinating: the frank confession of defeats and humiliations, or the manly, self-respecting pride in work that has become famous, not because it is famous, but because it was good work. The article is an admirable illustration of success very largely due to having *le cœur au métier*.

A most interesting magazine this month is *The Manhattan*, in which the opening chapters of the serial 'Trajan' are as striking in their way as were the first chapters of 'The Bread-Winners,' although 'their way' is as yet one of great beauty and vividness of style rather than strength of subject or treatment. 'Don't never prophecy unless ye know,' and we have not seen the advance-sheets of 'Trajan'; but although we cannot predict just how good it is going to be, we feel safe in saying that it is not going to be poor.—Ernest Ingersoll, in 'The Gunnison Country,' stirs our wonder anew that any one should spend a summer in Europe who might spend it in Colorado. 'It is hoped,' says Mr. Ingersoll, 'that the reader will have a map of Colorado by him as he reads.' We have the best of maps: the vision in memory of our own first night in the Gunnison country—a night in September, with its superb illustration of Tennyson's

'Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon';

only that the convent was a distant mountain-top, beyond the low mountains in the foreground behind which the

young moon had set for us in the valley. We remember, too, a day of dazzling sunshine, as we wound up the blue and dizzy heights of the Marshall Pass, with some such sensation as if, riding in Broadway in a horse-car, some one should point to the top of Trinity spire, and assure us that in ten minutes we should be on a level with it, without changing cars.—Mrs. Van Rensselaer has an admirable article on 'Children in Fiction'; Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner together give a clever little story of 'The Seven Conversations of Dear Jones and Baby Van Rensselaer'; and Mr. Chadwick contributes a graceful sonnet to Modjeska.—It is hard to believe that 'Tinkling Cymbals' is really Mr. Fawcett's latest work. It reads like a story giving promise that its author will some day do as good work as 'An Ambitious Woman,' instead of having done it. Both are stories of 'high life,' but the poorer one is high life on stilts. One need only compare Leah's manner in pushing aside a *portière* to meet her mother-in-law with Claire Holister's in pushing one aside to meet her mother.

Harper's is full of spring bloom and freshness; even the serials are timed to rise to the level of the season, and Mr. Roe's work, in itself much more poetic and graceful than anything he has given us before, has charming illustrations by Gibson and Dielman, while Howard Pyle and Alfred Parsons give delicious May-day Idyls with pen and pencil.—The descriptive articles are on 'Kairwan' and our own North-west, and there are solid articles on Kaiser Wilhelm, the Bank of England, and Dr. Schliemann.—One of the most entertaining papers is that on 'The Thunderer of the Paris Press,' describing how the *Journal des Débats* keeps two distinct sets of writers in its editorial force, one to blow hot and one to blow cold, so that the *Débats* itself may always be on the winning side, and how, unable to hide the names of its writers from the public, it hides their persons in dark, unfrequented dens of Paris, remote from journalistic haunts, the editors themselves rarely consenting to hobnob with their confrères.—It may not be within our province, but if advertising is to become a fine art, we may as well say that the advertisement of Ivory Soap is almost worth the price of the magazine, and we have reason to believe that many besides ourselves look for it as regularly in the back pages of *Harper's Monthly* as they do for Nast's drawing in the *Weekly*.

The Atlantic is a little heavy and very dry for the season. After the leafy luxuriance and blooming pictures of *Harper's* it certainly seems more than a little dull to read such titles as 'Linguistic Palæontology,' 'Governor Thomas Hutchinson,' 'The Silver Danger,' 'William H. Seward,' and 'The Progress of Nationalism.'—The short story, 'At Bent's Hotel,' has really no excuse for being; Dr. Mitchell is giving his readers, as he does his patients, a good commonplace rest; and 'A Roman Singer,' though on a high level, is still on a level, and beginning to be just a little monotonous.—We have enjoyed most in the number Miss Preston's scholarly appreciation of 'Matthew Arnold as a Poet,' and the one enlivening bit of mingled daintiness and humor in Mr. Aldrich's 'Maréchal Neil'—a delicious combination of a Seventeenth Century conceit with the rollicking fun of the last half of the Nineteenth Century.

The Century gives us description in 'The Salem of Hawthorne,' 'The Metopes of the Parthenon,' and 'The Bay of Islands'; and solidity, in 'Recent Architecture in America,' by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, 'Trades-Unionism in England,' by Thomas Hughes, and 'Chief Joseph, the Nez Percé.'—Mr. James begins a new story, and it is a grief to us to find that it is harder than it used to be to read his long paragraphs.—The apparent seriousness of Mr. Stockton's 'On the Training of Parents' is its most amusing element and is of course delightful; and H. H. gives a clear and interesting paper on Mormonism in 'The Women of the Beehive.' It is practically a defence of the Mormon women against the charge of being disreputable, light and loose. We had

never supposed this was a general accusation, believing that most people looked upon Mormon women as victims rather than willing accomplices. But Mrs. Jackson shows that many of them enter the life open-eyed, and remain in it voluntarily while suffering the torture one would suppose, from a religious faith which the writer makes as clear as anything so difficult to believe can be made.

In *The Continent* may be found the first of the series 'Too True for Fiction,' which is sure to be deeply interesting. This opening story of 'The Merry Marquis' is good to begin with.—We think the author of 'Dorcas' makes a great mistake in giving a miracle of the disciples—and one of the most incredible ones—as a matter of fact, but his story continues interesting.—It is a pity that *The Continent* should be so heavily handicapped by its 'poetry.' A few insignificant verses may be tucked away from the critics—as Mr. Warner hid his strawberry-bed from the robins—in an obscure corner between prose and prose; but now that it comes to pages of it, we can but wonder. To illustrate these unfortunate 'Lines' with such good pictures as that of Lake George or the Mount of the Holy Cross is like hanging long gold earrings in the ears of a homely woman, where they only serve, as Edmond About puts it, as exclamation points calling attention to her homeliness.

The most amusing story of the month, though it is only one part of a four-part serial, is 'The Perfect Treasure,' in *Lippincott's*. It is the story of an English butler hired by resident Americans, and the international traits, good and bad, have never been better mingled, or treated with more just appreciation of the merits and faults of both.

The Lafarge Exhibition.

AN exhibition of pictures by Mr. John Lafarge is so much of a novelty in New York that the little show which he made recently at an art-gallery in Broadway is deserving of notice, although it did not fitly represent him. There were about 130 pieces of work all told. About one third were cartoons or sketches for decorations. Some of these were quite unworthy of preservation. Others were the work of Miss Katharine Kidder, Miss Jessie Savage, Mr. Will H. Low and others of Mr. Lafarge's former assistants. There were several tracings from photographs colored by Mr. Lafarge, academic studies with new backgrounds brushed in, etc. On the other hand, some very meritorious paintings, returned from the late Munich exhibition in a condition that does not speak well for the people who had them in charge, were exposed without having been properly mended. A heroic figure of St. Paul had a terrible gash across the forehead, and a nude study of an Eve was similarly disfigured about the loins. Still other oil-paintings had suffered much from time and from the too great fondness of the painter for making experiments with unsafe pigments and vehicles. The Eve has become hot and rusty in tone since it was painted. In a picture called 'Virgil and the Nymph,' large masses have become so darkened by time as to be almost undistinguishable. It was, in short, a collection of odds and ends, but one which nevertheless contained gems as well as rubbish.

There is, probably, no living painter who more needs the surgery of bold and conscientious criticism than Mr. Lafarge, and just on that account, perhaps, there is hardly anyone who is so entirely let alone by the critics. It is true that it would not always be an easy task to distinguish between what is borrowed and what is original in his work, nor between the bad and the good of either sort. Mr. Lafarge is not a facile draughtsman, and gets his lines very often from photographs, sometimes from photographs or engravings of other men's works. This practice, which he shares with such English painters as Poynter and Alma Tadema, has been a stumbling-block for the critics, who have been afraid to say that such or such a line was wrong,

because it might have been traced from a photograph; or that it was right, because it might have been badly sketched in by hand. As to their conceptions, too, Mr. Lafarge's compositions are often of doubtful originality, and, at one time, nearly all his work was marked by a certain liking for unwholesome and fantastical subjects. His genius, in short, may be compared to a spring, ordinarily covered over with frog-spawn and dead leaves, but still bubbling up sweet and pure at the bottom, and occasionally clear, all through, of extraneous matter. Our art critics could hardly find much better business than to point out when this occurs, but so far it has been left to a few private collectors to do so by buying those pieces which their own judgment told them were valuable. In this collection there were a few landscapes, small single-figure subjects, and studies of flowers, which might be put in that category. Most of these were water-colors. The best was a small snow-scene, with rocks and firs and a splendid winter sky, full of light and movement. The coloring of this piece was wonderful. If it had been overlaid with opals and pearls the tints could not have been purer or more brilliant. The brush-work also was remarkably clever, and the perspective of the flat receding surface of the snow was rendered with a delicacy which has seldom been equalled. Almost all of the other water-colors were equally brilliant in color, though none was so exquisite as this. A little seated figure of a woman in blue and yellow drapery, with a red background, was remarkable as showing how readily a full and rich effect of color may be got with the simplest palette. Some of the flower-studies were quite as successful in this way.—Mr. Lafarge would seem to be now in the meridian of his power. If he will, in the future, avoid such work as he cannot perform without the aid of the camera or of other hands than his own, he may reckon on leaving a name behind him as one of the best colorists and most sympathetic painters of landscape and still-life of our generation.

Arnold and Emerson.

THE following sonnet was printed in our issue of January 5. It was the only matter printed therein that had not appeared in the regular issues of THE CRITIC and GOOD LITERATURE of the same date, from which the first number of the consolidated papers was made up. As many of our readers failed to see it when it was first printed, we reproduce it here, together with a communication which it has called forth:

CRITIC AND POET.

AN APOLOGUE.

('Poetry must be simple, sensuous and impassioned; this man is neither simple, sensuous nor impassioned; therefore he is not a poet.')

No man had ever heard a nightingale,
When once a keen-eyed naturalist was stirred
To study and define—*what is a bird*,
To classify by rote and book, nor fail
To mark its structure and to note the scale
Whereon its song might possibly be heard.
Thus far, no farther;—so he spake the word.
When of a sudden,—hark, the nightingale!
Oh deeper, higher than he could divine
That all-unearthly, untaught strain! He saw
The plain, brown warbler, unabashed. 'Not mine'
(He cried) 'the error of this fatal flaw.
No bird is this, it soars beyond my line;
Were it a bird, 'twould answer to my law.'

January 6, 1884.

EMMA LAZARUS.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

I do not call attention to the verses to criticise them, but only to point out what I believe to be a mistaken view of the case; and I do this because the same thought has been hinted, in various forms and places, more than a score of times within a few months. It has been declared that Mr. Arnold comes with

an established law; that our singer is 'deeper, higher than he can divine,' and therefore is tried and found wanting, not because of his own deficiency, but on account of the critic's false standard and lack of appreciation. With all due respect for the patriotism of those who take such ground, I beg leave to claim that a fair look at the subject will show us that, much as we may love and praise Mr. Emerson, Mr. Arnold has a right to speak. Who is this critic, daring to assail our idol? A man carefully educated, by a father who was himself one of the most remarkable men of his day; a man who has been professor of poetry in an ancient university, and may therefore be supposed to have a special knowledge of that subject; a man, moreover, who has won eminent reputation by his intelligence and insight. Mr. George William Curtis, himself a friend and, to a certain extent, a disciple of Emerson, names Mr. Arnold as 'one of the most eminent living critics, and a master of English speech,' while *The Spectator*, whose reputation for literary ability is unquestioned, says: 'Some of the best criticisms of our century have been the criticisms of Goethe and of Matthew Arnold, both of them fine poets, but both of them poets without imaginative idiosyncrasy so preponderant as to prevent them from fully submitting their minds to the influence of other men of genius, of whose work they desire to form a true estimate.' Born and reared in a literary atmosphere, carefully educated by a wise and able father, a student of poetry by the very circumstances surrounding him as well as by inclination, ranked by competent judges among the 'most eminent of living critics,' and as the peer of Goethe in this field, it is not presumptuous to say that Mr. Arnold is capable of dealing with Emerson's poetry. Do his many critics really think him incompetent?—or are they prompted by the sentiment, 'Our country: may she always be right; but our country right or wrong?' W. S. VAIL.

GARDNER, Maine.

Mr. Speed and *The Athenæum*.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

I have concluded, after careful consideration, not to defend myself in detail from the attacks made upon me because I prepared for publication the letters of John Keats and a Memoir of the poet to go with a reprint of the Aldine Edition, and thus interfered with the American sale of Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of Keats. You will remember that soon after Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. issued a prospectus of my edition of Keats, the London *Athenæum* ventured the opinion that much that was promised would be found not to be genuine. All of the notices *The Athenæum* has since made of my work have been written with the view of proving that this opinion was good. When I have charged that review with such motives, it has contented itself with not only denying the motive but denying that it had ever expressed such an opinion. You will recall that when *The Athenæum's* comment on the prospectus reached America, you took the trouble to examine my manuscripts and afterward to prepare and print an article showing how unjust was *The Athenæum's* presumption.

In London, several weeks ago, I was told at a gathering of literary men that *The Athenæum* had invited Mr. Buxton Forman to prepare a review of my work. You have seen its review. It charges me with incompetence generally, with an inability to read Keats's writing, with an inability to understand his meaning, with having stolen from Lord Houghton, and finally with having palmed off a miserable copy of Severn's portrait of Keats for the original portrait painted from life. As to these charges I shall not go into detail. Certainly I shall have nothing whatever to say of my general competency to undertake the work I did. My inability to read and understand Keats consists, according to the article in *The Athenæum*, in my having left out a passage in a new letter because many of the words would have to be left to conjecture, and that in many instances my transcription of the letters differs from other publications and from what Mr. Forman fancies Keats should have said. As to the passage omitted, I am sure I only exercised a wise discretion, which, for reasons privately explained to you, I cannot with any more propriety publicly defend, than I could have published the passage omitted. In every instance mentioned by *The Athenæum* where my reading has been different from other publications, I have examined my manuscripts and found that I was correct. Lord Houghton never had these manuscripts in his possession, and the *World* letters of 1877 were prepared so hurriedly by me for publication that they were full of errors. I shall not defend Keats against Mr. Forman. Poor fellow, had he known that Mr. Forman was to be his chief commentator, he never would have written what Mr. Forman calls nonsense!

But, unfortunately for him and possibly for Mr. Forman too, the manuscripts show that Keats really wrote the 'nonsense.' I am accused of not crediting Lord Houghton with his notes, though on the title-page it is distinctly stated that Lord Houghton's annotations are used. The Severn portrait in my possession was brought to America by my grandfather, George Keats, in 1818. My grandmother told me in 1876 that she was present at several of the sittings for the portrait, which Severn completed at Liverpool, whither he went with John and George Keats for that purpose. I acknowledge most heartily the wholesome effect on literature of honest criticism, but I do not think for a moment that it is the critic's province to make persistent and wilful misstatements of facts, and I cannot therefore regard the review in *The Athenæum* with the respect an article in that paper should command.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

NEW YORK, April 16, 1884.

The Soul of a Flower in the Thought of a Child.

[Lord Lytton, in *The Youth's Companion* of May 1.]

I.

THE soul of a white clematis am I.
Passing, the maiden that I loved beheld me.
To lose my life in hers, I know not why,
Her gaze compell'd me.

II.

What could I do? I was but a small flower,
Root-bound. But her sweet eyes
Drew me. I loved her; and love gave me power
To rise, and rise.

III.

To follow thee, I scaled the castle wall,
And leapt the bridgeless moat. To follow thee
I climb'd the cliff, and did not fear to fall
Down from the windy keep. The grassy lea,
Where I was born, beneath me sunk; and small
And smaller grew the farm, the field, the tree,
I left long since to find thy seagirt hall.
I listen'd, and I heard the curlews call,
And the hoarse murmuring of the great salt sea:
I look'd, and saw thee leaning from a tall
Ethereal tower, above the world and me.
I knew that I was near thee. That was all
I cared to be.

IV.

Love help'd me upward thro' the patient year,
I rose and rose; and still I had no fear;
Tho', as I climb'd, the craggy glen deep down
Gleam'd with my dropping blossoms thickly strown,
Nor did the roaming winds and rains forbear
To leave me oft o'erthrown.

V.

One happy morn, in at our lattice peeping,
I saw thee sleeping:
And tapp'd, and tapp'd, till thou, with shy amazement,
Didst wake, and listen, and fling wide the casement,
And lo! I faced thee
Trembling all over, faint at having found thee.
Thou didst lean o'er me, and mine arms went round thee,
And I embraced thee!

VI.

Clapping thy hands for gladness, thou didst cry,
'What! is it thou?
Madcap, how couldst thou dare to climb so high?
Look down below.
Think, hadst thou fallen!' 'Many a fall had I,'
Laughing I answer'd; and made haste to show
Where, hanging halfway down the castle wall,
My blossoms trembled over an abyss.
And dropp'd, and dropp'd: and, 'Thus do blossoms fall,'
I laugh'd, 'like kiss on kiss.'

VII.

Then didst thou understand me, child, at last,
And thou didst know me then by my true name.
Into thy soul, thro' thy sweet eyes, I pass'd,
And mine own soul a thought of thine became.

Thro' thy sweet eyes that thought may still be seen ;
 Tho' by thyself it be unnoticed quite,
 Nor canst thou utter it. Let others guess,
 Some call me Grace, Some call me Charm, I ween
 That only One will ever win the right
 To know me by my true name, Tenderness.

The Lounger

SOME time ago I hazarded the opinion that the Author of 'The Breadwinners' was not a journalist, giving my reasons for that belief. At the same time I printed the letter of a Pennsylvania lawyer who argued that the Great Unknown could not be a member of the legal profession owing to a certain slip in the report of Sleeney's trial. A gentleman living in Indian Territory, and writing from a military station, now sends me word that the historian of Arthur and Alice cannot be 'Colonel Hay or any other officer of the War.' His 'proof' is this: 'When he charges upon the rioters, he commands "Double time!" The war tactics—the only ones his veterans would have understood—gave the command as "Double Quick!" A small error, but one that no veteran would have made.' So the Author of 'The Breadwinners' is not a literary man, not a journalist, not a lawyer, not a soldier—not even an Academician.' But he is still—the Author of 'The Breadwinners.'

THERE is an exceedingly interesting collection of pictures on exhibition at the gallery of the American Art Association, and they are all the work of one man—Mr. George Inness. Mr. Inness was one of the first of our older artists to turn his back upon the conventional in art and go to nature for his models. He made pictures that looked like bits of real landscape seen through an open window—and his associates trembled at his boldness. His favorite effect is that of an approaching storm or a storm just passing off, with a rift of sunlight through the clouds. There is not a great deal of variety in Mr. Inness's work, but there is a great deal of charm, and I shall not be content until I possess one of his wet-looking canvases, with a bank of sun-lit clouds piled up in the background.

'AN Italian gentleman, of aristocratic family, with highest references, knowing English, wishes to give private lessons in Italian and French to high-born ladies and gentlemen. Address B. B., Italian Consulate.' It is such naive announcements as this that make the advertising columns of the *Herald* more entertaining than its editorial page, or even its shipping-news. The modest card appeared some time ago, so that the advertiser must have succeeded ere now in finding a host of high-born pupils, anxious not only to perfect their knowledge of French and Italian, but to do so under such exceptionally favorable auspices. How 'B. B.' came to know English, it may not be pertinent to inquire. It can hardly have been by consorting with 'high-born ladies and gentlemen' of American extraction, for in that case he would not have had to advertise for them when his princely inheritance was expended. Personal appeals would have been cheaper as well as more effective. It is greatly to his credit that he should be willing to earn his bread by the sweat of his aristocratic brow; and he should not lack encouragement if he is really in earnest. I would suggest, however, that he be relieved of the necessity of so doing by some high-born pupil of the gentler sex—rich as well as gentle, fair as well as fortunate—and withal not unwilling to exchange a few of her father's millions for the title which 'B. B.' has undoubtedly only dropped till his fortunes shall be restored. We know too well what is due to the noblemen who infest our country to permit them to wear out their lives in menial drudgery.

I WAS talking with a publisher and bookseller the other day, who rather scouted the mania for collecting first editions of books. 'What intrinsic value has a first edition over a twentieth,' said he, 'if the twentieth is a better printed and a handsomer book?' 'It has a bibliographical interest,' I ventured. 'A bibliomaniacal interest you should say,' he replied. 'I have no sympathy with such mustiness. Now the collector to my taste is George Vanderbilt, the youngest son of William H. He is making a collection of the *finest* editions of standard authors. He buys the book in sheets when he can, and then has it bound up to suit his own fancy. Before he is done he will have the finest collection of books in New York.' This is certainly a sensible hobby, and Mr. Vanderbilt's books will have a greater intrinsic value than many others that have cost more money. If there were more collectors of this class of books there would be more encouragement for publishers to print large, instead of 'limited,' editions of handsome works.

The Duke of Albany.

[From *The Saturday Review*, April 5.]

THE death of the Prince whose funeral takes place to-day has been a painful surprise to the country. That his health had always been delicate has been generally known; but constitutional weakness is often no obstacle to a long and useful life. The careful and regular habits which such weakness imposes frequently enable a man to do more and last longer than those who, because robust, are careless in their mode of living. Such weakness, too, passes away in some cases as men approach middle age; and few of the Prince's fellow-countrymen had any fears that his career would so soon be cut short. To the Queen and the widowed Duchess we join all England in offering our respectful sympathy. The interest which the former has always taken in the welfare of her subjects, and the sympathy which she has shown for the sufferings of the lowliest among them, have won for her a place in their hearts wholly independent of the sincere loyalty which they feel toward the Crown. The bereavement, too, which befell her more than twenty years ago, the peculiar loneliness in which it left her, the revelations of her home life which she has from time to time laid before the world, have given her subjects an interest in her personal feelings which it seldom falls to the lot of sovereigns to gain. On the present sad occasion, as in all her sorrows, their condolence is heart-felt. The Duchess, short as her residence has been in England, has won from those who know her a personal regard which will enhance the regret which all must feel at her loss. Of Prince Leopold himself there is but one opinion held by those who knew him either in private or in public life. His knowledge, his intelligence, his interest in great subjects, his love of all that gives grace and charm to human life, his sympathy with the needs and sufferings of the poorest among his fellow-countrymen, are known to all our readers. On these subjects much has been written and spoken during the past week. There is one reflection, however, which the life and the untimely death of the Prince especially force on our mind when the first personal tribute to his memory has been paid. This is the great public and political loss which the nation has sustained by his death.

The Duke of Albany was, in a remarkable sense, a link between the Throne and the people; and, had he lived, he would doubtless have become so in a greater and greater degree. It is a part of the good fortune of the English, as of the German, Monarchy that the reigning family comprises many members and branches. To this fact it is due, not only that the succession is always provided for, but that, between the Crown and mass of the people, there are a large number of members intimately related to the former, and sharing, to an extent impossible to the Sovereign, the interests and occupations of the latter. That some members should be professional soldiers, others professional sailors, and that others, like the Duke of Albany, should interest themselves actively in literary, artistic, and social questions, enables a Monarchy like our own to keep constant touch of the people. At the present time it is especially fortunate that this should be the case. The changes which have taken place during the present generation, not in England only, but in most European countries, have been all in the direction of democracy; and it is unreasonable to suppose that this movement could have been checked by the will of any individual or small class of individuals. But there is no small difference between a popular movement presided over by party politicians, and hostile to the main institutions of the country, and one sanctioned by those to whom it is accustomed to look as its natural heads. The old and deep-seated loyalty of the English people, which extends to all classes throughout the country, has remained unshaken by the political changes of the last half-century, and it is not likely to be shaken by any changes which may be impending. But the Crown, which wisely remains, as a rule, neutral in the strife of political parties, gains greatly in stability and popularity by the fact that, outside the sphere of politics, members of the Royal Family have assumed an active leadership in all that tends to national progress. The part which Prince Leopold took was marked out for him by the state of his health; but was none the less useful because it did not assume a professional shape. He had already, before his death, won for himself a place as something much more than a nominal patron of the movements which he befriended. He was able to take a part in them, as intelligent and practical as it was influential. It is here that his loss will be most felt by the general public. The many duties both public and private, which fall to the lot of Royalty leave, as a rule, but little time for the pursuits in which the enforced leisure of the Duke of Albany was so wisely spent. His example, like that of the late Prince Consort, shows how important a part can be played in this country by those who are near to the Throne,

without occupying it. The opportunities of usefulness which a position of this kind affords are such as fall to the lot of few; and it must be admitted that the Duke of Albany turned them to the best account. But he had reached an age, at the time of his death, at which men can only begin to be widely useful. Years of preparation are needed to fit a man for such a part. The world waits for repeated proofs of capacity before it gives the able aspirant to honor his due. But it may be said, with truth, that the Duke of Albany had already won for himself the reputation, not in a limited circle only but before the general public, of being one of the able men of his time. The part which he might have played in public life, had he attained to fuller years, is matter only for melancholy conjecture. But that a greater part than ever can now be played by those of his gifts and station seems to us clear. It cannot be said that the country is less loyal to the Monarchy now than in any past period of its history; and, at the same time, the whole movement of the nation, political and social, has tended to lower or level the barriers which once existed between the various classes which compose it. Each member of the Royal Family is now more conspicuous before the eyes of the whole nation than could formerly be the case; and the merits of one like the Duke of Albany can now find recognition in parts of the country where a century ago little more than the fact of his existence would have been generally known. The maxim *noblesse oblige* was one that guided his conduct; and nowhere more than among the mass of the English people does conduct founded on this maxim meet with due recognition. The jealousy of any kind of social superiority which infects the French populace is foreign to English habits of mind. The Monarchy in itself is not only tolerated, but popular; far more so than any other form of government which could be proposed in its place. It has been popular in the past, even at times when the occupant of the throne has personally found little favor with the people. During the last half century its position has been greatly strengthened by the happy coincidence that, during the period when the powers of the people have been widely extended, the crown has been worn by a lady more popular and more admired than any Sovereign who has held it for nearly three centuries. The Monarchy and the people, during a time when many persons, the reverse of alarmist, looked with apprehension on the future, have never been in antagonism to one another; and experience has shown that great political changes may take place, and that power may be transferred from one class to another, without in any way weakening the position of the Crown. Prince Leopold thus found the way open and smooth for a career eminently suited to his tastes and his talents. With distinguished mental gifts admirably trained, with the desire to be useful and influential, and enjoying a popularity due alike to his personal qualities and to the relation in which he stood to the Throne, he would assuredly, had his life been prolonged, have done service to the country such as few can hope to render. In him talent, goodwill, and opportunity met together, and his death is a loss, not only to those nearest to him, but to the English people.

Ethics of Plagiarism.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

THOUGH the Americans are less successful, if not less earnest, than we could wish in their supervision of Irish dynamitards, they have a lively detective force to watch over English errors. Our literary sins are at once found out and proclaimed on the housetop. Not long since an American critic* discovered that an English novelist had borrowed a dab of 'local color' from some obscure and forgotten description of the Southern States. A hue-and-cry was raised, as if the unlucky author had stolen a whole plot, or had written a tale and attributed its authorship to some famous man of letters deceased. Now a much more curious example of plagiarism or coincidence has been 'smelt out,' as the Zulus say, and all the pack of literary beagles is in full cry after Mr. Charles Reade. The 'Master,' as he has been enthusiastically styled by a distinguished contemporary, can on all occasions make his hand keep his head. Mr. Reade is never slow to descend into the arena of controversy. Often challenged, he pitches his hat into the ring, and follows it with alacrity. Probably he has his sufficient reply. In the meanwhile, the charges urged against him afford material for a very pretty quarrel.

Mr. Reade has published, in *Harper's Magazine*, a story of which we confess that we have only read the second number. The tale is called 'The Picture.' Some one is struck with a por-

represents a Mlle. de Groucy, daughter of the Marquis de Groucy, and that this lady, about the time of the Revolution, married a peasant named Flaubert. This *mésalliance* was the result of advanced opinions, and much reading of Rousseau. Naturally the family of Mlle. de Groucy cast her off, and the lady lived in the hut of her peasant lord. The peasant annoyed his noble wife by losing his money at cards; she irritated him by scolding; he struck her, and she stabbed him to death. The Curé happened to witness this distressing affair; and 'the champion of all those parts lay on his own floor, surrounded by the jugs, and mugs, and plates he had won by conquering the other Samsons of the district, telled by a woman's hand, armed with a bare bodkin.' A jury was so moved by the patrician dignity of the widow Flaubert that she escaped with two years' seclusion in a religious house. Here she saw the error of her ways, but remained, after her release, in obscurity. Finally one Catherine, an old woman about the place, died, and the Curé then revealed that the faithful Catherine had been the widow of Flaubert *née* de Groucy. The moral is that young ladies of rank should not read Rousseau, should not marry peasants, and should be very careful with their bodkins.

Perhaps the narrative does not seem very striking or marvellous to the reader. It is not the kind of brilliant idea that an amateur really could not keep his hands off, if he found it in the possession of another. Yet this tale—the series of situations and the characters—has been wandering over the world like some ancient myth, found in the remotest lands. A correspondent of the *Nation* (the New York paper) had read this story in the *Month*, and also in Littell's *Living Age*, in 1869. In Littell's *Living Age* the story was said to be derived from 'the French.' A good deal of conjectural ingenuity was displayed in the effort to show that the tale had originally been written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. These suggestions came from the cultured city of Michigan. But Boston is a great deal wiser than Michigan in literary matters. In the *Nation* for March 20, a Bostonian announces that the story in Littell's *Living Age* (called 'The Portrait in My Uncle's Dining-Room') 'is a literal translation from 'Mlle. de Malepeire,' by Mme. Reybaud (Paris, 1856.)' Next comes to judgment Miss C. J. Marshall, in the *Academy*. This lady recognizes in Mr. Reade's Mlle. de Groucy the Mlle. de Malepeire of Mme. Reybaud. The tale was also brought out, it seems, in the *St. James's Magazine* for 1867, and has been detected there by an active agent who writes to the *Boston Literary World*. This one story, then, has many names—'Where He Found Her,' 'The Portrait in My Uncle's Dining-Room,' 'Mlle. de Malepeire,' and, if Mr. Reade's assailants do not grossly wrong him, 'The Picture.'

'All the stories have been told already,' according to Mr. Howells, and the fate of this legend certainly suggests that new ideas and new plots are very rare. We must believe them to be so scarce that either great wits naturally jump to and annex the same set of ideas, or that there is a plentiful lack of international literary honesty. The ethics of plagiarism ought not to be very hard to fix. If we might set up as casuists, we would venture to propose three lenient rules which would clear many great men now falsely accused of plagiarism. In the first place, we would permit any great modern artist to recut and to set anew the literary gems of classic times and of the middle ages. Thus Virgil had a right to all he conveyed from Homer and from Apollonius, nor can Lucretius be blamed for his adaptation of the beautiful passage in the *Odyssey* about the homes of the gods. Plautus and Terence, in the same way, might blamelessly, as openly, adapt from Menander, or Theocritus take the theme of the *Adonisusæ* from Sophron. The Roman comedians did not stamp themselves as plagiarists; they only took, quite consciously, a secondary rank. On this principle the Laureate's unnumbered borrowings from Virgil, Homer, Dante, are all as fair as they are charming. England is richer, the ancients are not poorer, and the scholar wins a double delight in the pleasures of comparison and reminiscence.

Our second rule would be that all authors have an equal right to the stock situations which are the common store of humanity. Homer was not the first to tell the tale of the Cyclops and of the wiles of Circe. The avaricious father, the cunning servant, the spendthrift son, the infants changed at nurse, the hero (rumored to be drowned) who returns in perfect health, the sprained ankle, the infuriated bull, and so forth—every one may make them his own who cannot think of anything better. No one thinks the worse of 'Called Back' because the idea has been used by Xavier de Montépin in 'Le Médecin des Folles,' and, to a certain extent, by Lord Lytton in the 'Strange Story.' Any man who can make old situations as good as new has a perfect right, like Molière, to take his own where he finds it, just as

* See "Will Mr. Hardy Explain?" *The Critic*, January 28, 1882.

trait, in the house of his uncle, where he is a visitor, and the story of the portrait is told by the Curé. We learn that the painting Charles de Bernard, in 'Un Homme Sérieux,' makes us laugh again over an incident used in 'L'Ecole des Femmes.' No man has any original copyright in or claim to the common property of humanity. We may find the oldest extant examples of certain dramatic situations in Hesiod or in the Rig Veda; but they are far older than these authorities, and have found their way wherever men amuse themselves with romances. Finally, we presume that an author has a right to borrow or buy an idea if he frankly acknowledges the transaction, as Thackeray did in the case of 'The Bedford Row Conspiracy.' Crime begins when an author, or rather an adapter, tries to hide his conveyance of another man's goods, and to claim something more than the merit of a skilled cobbler or translator.

Outside these limits, which seem wide enough, direct plagiarism begins. It may be asked whether a man can plagiarize from himself? Sheridan Le Fanu, the greatest of purely 'sensational' English novelists, repeated in various essays the main idea of 'Uncle Silas.' Apparently he was trying to work his notions up to the highest perfection, which in 'Uncle Silas' he found at last, to the shuddering delight of his readers. M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, that fertile novelist, has certainly stolen from his own 'Epingle Rose' a *truc* which he uses in his new and thrilling 'Margot la Balafree.' The man who loses his way in Paris, and helps a stranger to carry a chair which is found to contain a dead body, opens the plot in the story of the Restoration as in the story of to-day. To make a mystery hinge on somnambulism is as old as 'The Spectre of Tappington,' and who knows how much older? Mr. Wilkie Collins employs the *truc* in 'The Moonstone,' and M. Fortuné du Boisgobey in 'L'Affaire Matapan.' It is difficult, however, to avoid the suspicion that M. Boisgobey ploughed with Mr. James Payn's heifer in the diving-bell passages of 'L'Affaire Matapan' and 'Une Affaire Mystérieuse.' Mr. Payn's 'Perfect Treasure,' where the romance of the diving-bell is well worked, is earlier than either of these books by M. du Boisgobey. But the crime would be at best a peccadillo compared with boldly driving off a whole story, plot, characters, and all, out of the French across into the American marches. Mr. Reade's novel differs from that of Mme. Reybaud in details. For example, in both stories come the incidents of letting the husband's soup cool, and heating his sabots with ashes. But Mr. Reade's lady stabbed her husband with a bodkin, after he has struck her, while Mme. Reybaud's girl slays her lord in bed, and therefore, perhaps, is the more deeply stained culprit of the pair. What the explanation of the resemblance may be we shall doubtless learn in good time.

Current Criticism.

SWINBURNE ON BYRON:—Mr. Swinburne is honorably distinguished for his catholic and generous appreciation of other poets, and in his 'Essays and Studies' he has praised both Byron and Wordsworth highly. But Mr. Matthew Arnold's perforce to the selections from Byron—a sunset of critical judgment in a cloud of hazy paradox—with its exaltation of Byron at the expense of Shelley, has been too much for Mr. Swinburne, who here reverses the process with his usual command of alliterative vituperation. As to Byron's 'criticism of life,' it very soon 'subsided into tittering or snivelling silence.' And if we turn from Mr. Arnold's quasi-theological test to the sure ground of imagination and harmony, Byron's place becomes lower still. His choicer verse, as selected for our admiring notice by Mr. Arnold, is often only 'the sickly stumble of drivelling debility,' and as for his dramatic faculty he never succeeded in exhibiting anything save 'two squeaking and disjointed puppets.'—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR. NEWMAN HALL:—Some call him an American preacher; but though allusions to things American are frequent in the sermons which he preaches under the shadow of the Lincoln Memorial Tower, he is heartily English in thought and speech. The service at his church is much like that of the Establishment, and Mr. Hall wears an Anglican surplice; but the enormous size of his pulpit warns you from the threshold that preaching is the matter of chief moment here. Extempore praying is but a variety of preaching. An enthusiastic reporter once wrote of Mr. Newman Hall that 'he had delivered the finest prayer ever addressed to a congregation.' Mr. Hall's extempore prayers, however, are not frequent, nor do they go to the severe length of Scotch prayers. A stern-looking man with a Wellington nose and an expression like a college don's, Mr. Newman Hall missed his vocation in being a Nonconformist and a Liberal. By nature he is autocratic; the love of authority and of discipline

pierces in sharp peremptory words like bayonet points through the commonplace sentiments of his professed Liberalism. He should have been the head of a college, or a dean if not a bishop, though he would have doubtless found his most congenial sphere of action—little as he may suspect it—in a colonelship of Dragoons. Mr. Hall is only a great preacher when he has great objects to preach for; in times when there is not much doing, no big grievances to denounce, no 'sinful, illiberal national policy' to inveigh against, his faculties take a rest. He is then like a lion making war upon flies, with rather lazy movements and a sort of yawning shame at being engaged in such poor sport.—*Temple Bar*.

AMERICAN POETRY CRITICISED:—A readable article is that on 'American Poetry,' by Mr. Percy Greg, who holds, however, that very little distinctively American poetry exists. Longfellow's most American poems—'Evangeline' and 'Hiawatha'—are also his worst; while his best—'The Psalm of Life,' for instance, or 'The Light of Stars'—might equally well have been written on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Greg's proposition is only made out by ignoring Walt Whitman, 'of whom, for his own credit and his country's, the less said the better'—a remark which betrays a decided limitation in Mr. Greg's critical powers. Lord Cranbrook publishes some notes of literary conversations held with Christopher North forty years ago. One remark we commend to any tourists who, not seeing much at Windermere, wish to be bowled on in the railway to Ambleside. 'Don't think much of Windermere!' Professor Wilson said. 'Ah! you'll not think much of Heaven, then, when you get there.'—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE LATE MR. TRUBNER AND HIS FRIENDS:—To not a few of the many living men and women of letters who went to it in the first instance for gossip with German scholars or American humorists, Trübner's house in Hamilton Terrace became a kind of second home, whither they hastened at any hour for sympathy in trouble, counsel in seasons of difficulty, and hearty congratulation in moments of triumph; for in private life he was one of those fervid and manifestly sincere men who win confidence without seeking it, and hold the affection of their friends no less firmly than they gain it readily. No one knew Trübner a little without wishing to know more of him; and to know more usually ended in knowing much of him, and not seldom in knowing him thoroughly. Were all Germans of his temper, one would never hear of their phlegm and coldness.—*The Athenæum*.

ANGLO-FRENCH:—I have always felt a great deal of respect and sympathy for that good, honest, straightforward young British boy who does not easily understand that in French 'a musical friend' is not necessarily *un ami à musique*, nor 'to sit on the committee,' *s'asseoir sur le comité*—unless you mean it. Poor boy! Even his own countryman laughs at him, because his knowledge of the subjunctive mood is shaky. But what is his experience of that terrible mood? Once or twice in his life he has written an exercise on the subject. This done, he is not supposed to commit any more mistakes on this important point of grammar. He might as well, I think, be expected to be an experienced swimmer after once reading Captain Webb's 'Art of Swimming,' and going through the various evolutions indicated in the pamphlet *à sec* on the floor of his papa's parlor.—*Max O'Rell in The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Notes

WE understand that Australia has taken twenty-five hundred copies of 'The Breadwinners.'

The Literary World and one or two private correspondents suggest that we ask our readers to vote for 'Forty Immortals' of the gentler sex. But this would never do. The embarrassment of riches is too great. To hold all the American women worthy of membership in such an institution, the Academy would have to be composed of four hundred, rather than of forty, ladies.

With its June number, *Harper's Magazine* will begin its sixty-ninth volume.

The Freeman's Journal informs us that Cardinal McCloskey is a 'native-born American,' his birthplace being Brooklyn. It is very much disgusted with our readers' list of 'Forty Immortals,' and would head its own, if it should choose one, with the name of John Gilmary Shea. '*Ex pede Herculem*.'

The many readers and friends in America of the English poet and critic, Edmund Gosse, will be glad to learn that he has accepted invitations to lecture next winter at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and the Lowell Institute, Boston. This will be Mr. Gosse's first visit to this country.

The Christian Union will publish Mrs. Jackson's story, 'Ramona,' beginning May 15.

George Routledge & Sons have just issued, both in London and New York, Archibald Forbes's *Life of 'Chinese Gordon.'* An American reprint of the book is published by S. W. Green's Son.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's comparison of Emerson with Marcus Aurelius will doubtless attract some readers to Mr. Paul Barron Watson's *Life of 'Marcus Aurelius Antoninus'* who otherwise might ignore it. The book is published by Harper & Bros.

Mr. J. W. Bouton has ready the Paris Salon catalogue for 1884.

The title of Mr. Browning's new poem is 'Seriora'—one of those punning titles of which he is so fond.

By arrangement with John Murray, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish early in May a 'Memoir of Alice, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, and Grand Duchess of Hesse,' with a selection from her correspondence. The work is edited by her sister, the Princess Christian. The correspondence commences in 1862, and is complete, without interruption, to the time of her death in 1880. The volume will contain two portraits.

Mrs. John Sherwood's 'Manners and Social Customs in America' is in the press of Harper & Bros.

James R. Osgood & Co. have nearly ready 'Over the Border,' a description of summer travel in Nova Scotia, by Miss E. B. Chase; 'Three Villages,' sketches by W. D. Howells; and 'Song and Story,' by Edgar Fawcett.

The third volume of Scribner's successful series of *Stories by American Authors* will contain 'Venetian Glass' by Mr. Brander Matthews, a story hitherto unpublished.

The forthcoming publications of D. Appleton & Co. are a 'History of the Coup d'État,' by M. de Maupas, Prefect of Police; 'Pictures of Life and Character,' from *Punch*, after John Leech (in the Parchment-Paper Series); and 'The Parlor Muse,' a selection from recent *vers de société*.

Miss Alexander's 'The Roadside Songs of Tuscany,' edited by John Ruskin, is announced by John Wiley & Sons, who have also in preparation 'The Orchids of New England,' by Henry Baldwin.

Mr. George J. Coombes announces as nearly ready a volume of *vers de société*, 'From Grave to Gay,' being selections from the complete poems of H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, with a portrait of the author, etched by C. W. Sherborne. Only a limited edition of this dainty volume will be printed.

Mr. William R. Jenkins has added André Theuriot's 'Le Mariage de Gérard' to his excellent reprints of French books.

The airy innocence of British dramatists in borrowing the titles of American plays has been noted before. One of the worst cases was Mr. Clement Scott's theft of the title of Mr. Bartley Campbell's 'Peril' for his own wretched perversion of Sardou's 'Nos Intimes.' But worse remains: Messrs. Pettit and Meritt, reviving an old play of theirs called 'The Worship of Bacchus,' have rechristened it 'The Breadwinners.'

Messrs. Harper publish George Eliot's posthumous volume, 'Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book,' uniformly with their regular edition of her works.

The Cobden Club Prize Essay for 1883, by C. E. Troupe, will be published immediately by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, of London, under the title: 'The Future Work of Free Trade in English Legislation.' The subject is treated under three heads—financial reform, free trade in land, and monopolies.

Miss Dora Wheeler, who has just gone to Europe to study under Alfred Stevens, has completed a composition for a card to be called 'Christmas Morn.'

Mr. T. G. Appleton, one of Boston's best known citizens, and consequently a man-of-letters, died in this city on the 17th inst. of pneumonia. Mr. Appleton was a citizen of the world rather than of any one town. He had travelled extensively, and was known as well in Paris and London as in Boston and New York. He was a man of many friends, whom he held through life by his kindly and genial nature. As a wit Mr. Appleton was seldom severe, though he is credited with many good things, the best being that 'good Americans when they die go to Paris.' He wrote in both prose and verse, but published altogether not more than half-a-dozen books—a somewhat smaller showing than was made by his brother-in-law, Mr. Longfellow.

Mr. Austin Dobson's book about Bewick and his pupils will be published in London by Chatto & Windus and in America by James R. Osgood & Co. It will be abundantly illustrated.

Mr. G. P. Lathrop's 'Newport' has just been added to Sampson Low's Standard Novels—an English collection which already contains Miss Woolson's two novels, three of Mrs. Stowe's, Miss Alcott's 'Work' and General Wallace's 'Ben-Hur.'

The *Nuova Antologia* for March 15th, in a review of Strafforello's 'Manual of American Literature' for Italians, politely describes American letters as 'un ramo copioso e gloriosissimo dell'inglese.' F. D'Ovidio takes a critical sail on the deep seas of Dante's 'Vita Nuova' in the same number.

The biographical sketches of popular authors by Amanda B. Harris, which have brightened the pages of *Wide Awake* from time to time, have been collected and printed in a small volume, the first of a series of 'little biographies' published by D. Lothrop & Co. Miss Harris will have done a good work if her book serves to introduce these authors to the rising generation.

Is it generally known that Captain Cuttle's 'I'll make a note of it' was (euphemistically expressed) an 'appropriation' by Dickens of a remnant of Molière's 'Femmes Savantes'? Philaminta is lecturing the valet Julien on the impoliteness of interrupting a conversation by the announcement of a new arrival, when Julien replies: 'Je noterai cela, madame, dans mon livre.'

The Art Amateur concludes its fifth year with an admirable May number. With this number it is to be introduced in England after the manner of *Harper's* and *The Century*.

A unique little book is the lecture delivered in Washington by Prof. Elliott Coues and now published (Estes & Lauriat) under the title of 'Biogen: A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life.' The scientific standing of the author entitles his words to the careful consideration of his readers, though he departs widely from the prevailing school of scientific thought. He earnestly advocates the vitalistic theory of the origin of life, and strongly defends the religious belief in the soul as a distinct entity.

Messrs. Putnam have ready a new edition—the fourth—of their 'Globe Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World.' A strong recommendation of this work is its convenient size.

C. M. Kurtz's illustrated catalogue of the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design is received. Mr. Kurtz has made some improving changes in the arrangement of his own matter and has added all the matter of the official catalogue. The illustrations reproduced directly from the artists' drawings make an interesting souvenir of the exhibition.

We have received from Bangs & Co. a catalogue of Prof. Anthon's Numismatic Cabinet prepared by Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent. A feature of this collection is the series of coins of Judæa as it forms a complete record of the epochs of the Jewish coinage.

A new series of *The Rhode Island Historical Magazine* will be inaugurated with the July number. The support promised for the undertaking would seem to guarantee its success.

Mme. Louisa Lauw, who was Adelina Patti's companion for eighteen years, is about to publish in Vienna a volume of reminiscences of the prima-donna.

The rage for limited editions has reached Philadelphia, where Robert M. Lindsay announces an edition of 500 copies of 'Jane Eyre,' in two volumes, to be ready May 15. This will be called the Haworth edition. A portrait of Charlotte Brontë and other etchings will illustrate the text.

We are glad to see that Geo. H. Ellis has published a new and excellent edition of Frances Power Cobbe's book on 'Religious Duty.' Her ardent theism and earnest devotional spirit commend the little book to the wants of many persons. It has been so long before the public, and has been a help to so many readers, that nothing new need be said in the way of recommending it to thoughtful persons.

Dr. McCosh has begun the second or historical part of his philosophic series (Scribner) with a study of Locke's 'Theory of Knowledge.' He writes in his usual clear and strong manner, giving a brief sketch of the life of Locke, an exposition of his theories, and such criticisms of his philosophy as seem to be demanded at the present time. He shows that Locke implied idealism in his teachings, that he had not fully worked out his system, and that he has not been correctly interpreted by those who have claimed to be his followers.

The last number of *The Westminster Review* announces a name new to American scientific circles—that of 'Piero, the founder of high mathematics in America.' Can this addition to our mathematical galaxy have anything to do with the name of the late Benjamin Peirce?

Messrs. Putnam have in preparation: (1) 'Tableaux de la Revolution Française,' edited for the use of students in French literature, by Profs. T. F. Crane and O. G. Brun, of Cornell University, with an introduction by President A. D. White; (2) 'Outlines of Roman Law,' comprising its historical growth and general principles, by Prof. Wm. C. Morey; and (3) 'British Orations,' being a selection from the more representative and important orations by British orators during the past century, uniform with 'American Orations,' now in press.

For the always admirable Clarendon Press Series Mr. Austin Dobson has edited Beaumarchais's 'Barbier de Séville,' and Mr. Andrew Lang has edited Molière's 'Précieuses Ridicules.' To each is prefixed a biographical sketch of the dramatist and a description of the special play.

The drawings used by The Century Company to illustrate a series of articles on the Life-Saving Service and other marine subjects were recently exhibited in the International Fisheries Exhibition at London, and the artist, Mr. M. J. Burns, was awarded a handsome gold medal.

The second part of Dr. Joseph Parker's 'Inner Life of Christ' (Funk & Wagnalls) follows the method of the first volume. It is a working minister's commentary on the gospels of Matthew. Each division of the Gospel story is introduced by a prayer, which is followed by the words of the Gospel themselves, and then the plain and practical comment succeeds.

The 'Original Essays' of S. Tolver Preston (London: Williams & Norgate) are devoted to the social relations of the sexes, science and sectarian religion, and to the scientific basis of personal responsibility. The author is a writer for various leading English scientific publications. The most we have found in his essays is, that he is inclined to scout at religion.

The Wycliffe Quincentenary in England will see a good many books brought out upon the life and writings of the great English Reformer. Not the least popular of these will be a little volume to be published in London on May 1, by Fisher Unwin, under the title of 'John Wyclif: Patriot and Reformer.' The book is by Dr. Rudolf Buddenseig, one of the editors of the Wycliffe Society. In style the volume will be uniform with the parchment edition of Luther's Table-Talk issued last year by the same publisher.

'Cumnock's Speaker,' compiled by Robt. McL. Cumnock (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is more properly a reader; a large proportion of the selections, such as the death of Paul Dombey, not being adapted to the 'rhetorical recitations' which are announced as the object of the book. As a reader, however, it contains very good selections, many of them new to collections of this kind, varying from the nonsense verses of Edmund Lear to the wisdom of Shakspeare and the dramatic pathos of Victor Hugo.

Mr. Alvin J. Johnson, the publisher of Johnson's Encyclopædia, Johnson's Atlas, and two or three other books from whose sale he amassed a large fortune, died on Tuesday at his residence in this city. He was a native of Vermont, and began his career in New York as a book-agent. He was a man of shrewd business instincts, and all of his ventures were successful. His circle of acquaintances was a wide one, and one of his most intimate friends was Horace Greeley, at whose suggestion he published the Encyclopædia.

One of the most beautiful memoirs of the time is the memorial of Miss Teena Rochfort-Smith, prepared by her devoted friend and admirer, Mr. F. J. Furnivall. The little record is inexpressibly touching, and is worthy to be placed by the side of 'The Story of Ida,' so tenderly and cunningly told by Miss Alexander and Mr. Ruskin. Miss Smith was little more than twenty one, and had risen to be one of the most accomplished Shakspearians of the day. Her edition of the four-text 'Hamlet' is proclaimed by Mr. Furnivall—foremost of Shakspearians—to be a marvel of accuracy and exhaustiveness; and she had planned no less an undertaking than a complete line-for-line concordance to all of Shakspeare's plays. Like Toru Dutt she was born in India, and, early quickened by that tropical air, was a woman almost before she was a girl. Robert Browning took the greatest fancy to her, and read to her sympathetic ear many of the deep and musical things of his last collection. In August last, her clothing caught fire and she was burned so that she died, her agony

and delirium of a week having some of their terrible edge taken from them by her consoling memories of Shakspeare, the Bible, and the writings of her favorite living poet, passages from which continually rushed to her lips in her wanderings.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 665.—Who wrote this familiar couplet?

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

[Longfellow's translation from Friedrich von Logau.]

No. 666.—Where can the following quotation be found: 'An angler in the tides of Fame?'

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

M. F. S.

No. 667.—I should like to know who wrote the following lines, and where they may be found:

Hour of an empire's overthrow,
The princes from the feast were gone.

NEW YORK CITY.

N. E. D.

No. 668.—Which of the German literary periodicals is the best, and what is its price?

NEW YORK CITY.

STUDENT.

[*Deutsche Rundschau*, edited by J. Rodenberg, and published monthly. Westerman's *Deutsche Monatshefte*, edited by Spielhagen, the novelist, is more popular in character; and *Gartenlaube* is a story-paper of still less literary pretension, but enormously popular. Prices may be learned by applying to B. Westermann & Co. or Gustav Stechert.]

ANSWERS.

If so requested by the person who inquired several months ago as to the authorship of a poem beginning 'I live for those who love me,' I will forward him (or her) a copy of the verses. The author is C. L. Barnard.

SHREVEPORT, LA.

M. G. VANCE.

No. 647.—Your inquirer will, I think, find the incident on page 386 of a book published by Putnam in 1881. It was written by Katharine P. Taylor and is entitled 'The Story of a Scandinavian Summer.' And if this was the suggestion of 'Mrs. Knollys'—for many such stories are common, not only in Sweden and Norway, but in Switzerland—I agree with you that it is vastly improved by the literary and artistic manner in which 'J. S. of Dale' has treated it.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

M. J. P.

No. 650.—Apropos of Stevenson's 'Treasure Island,' you say it is a common thing to 'Americanize a book and thus secure a copyright.' Please explain what you mean by 'Americanizing,' and what kind of a copyright it is. The latter information especially would interest me, as clerk in the Copyright Office. If by 'Americanizing' you mean altering, is not this a most reprehensible literary offence, and would so respectable publishers as Roberts Brothers be guilty of it? I think you would find that the book is not altered.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. M. G.

[We expressed no approval of the alteration of a book in order to secure a copyright, and did not say that the work in question had been so 'Americanized.' We do not know whether the Boston publishers of 'Treasure Island' have a valid copyright on it or not. We hope, however, that they have. It is an admirable book, and we should be sorry to see it 'pirated.']

No. 655.—4. The destiny of old maids, according to ancient popular fable, was to lead apes in hell. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, Scene 1, or *Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, Scene 1.

E. J. H.

No. 657.—Wear and Tyne are the names of two English rivers, the former of which flows through Durham, the latter through the adjoining county of Northumberland. Wear, not Weare, is the customary spelling. The district watered by these two streams, and having Sunderland, Shields, and Newcastle for seaports, is famous all the world over (except, it seems, in Belmont, Mass.), as the headquarters of the English coal trade.

NEW YORK CITY.

E. J. H.

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